

Ali's tribe, asked me, " Is this the way
they fight in
your country," I asked him if he would not
like to be
fighting? and he replied, "Yes, if it. were my
quarrel."

The sun was very bright, the sky very
blue, and the
smoke very white as it drifted over the
lonely ravine
and burst in clouds from the hill-tops. I saw
the com-
batants distinctly without a glass, and heard
their wild
war-shouts. What a matter for regret is
this useless
tribal fighting, with its dreary consequences
of wailing
women and fatherless children 1 " Why
don't the
English come and take us ? Why don't the
English
come and give us peace ?" are surely the
utterances of a
tired race.

After sunset the Agha returned, having
so far suc-
ceeded in his mission that the headmen
have promised
to suspend hostilities for to-morrow, but still
shots are
fired now and then. I. L. B.